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THE HAG.

A MYSTERY OF A BEAUTIFUL MAGICIAN.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

SYNOPSIS.

[The opening chapters deal with the first discovery of "The Hag" in the grounds of the Bellingham estate, and with a mysterious robbery by Fallon, who seems to have been in two places at once. Also with the appearance at a leading theater of an unknown society lady, Marian Travers is injured while behind the scenes.]

CHAPTER IV.

Over one, if a story lag be found,
And up the hill he takes to thumps,
It was an odd secret for a man to carry
It was a heavy secret for a fiance.
And so short-sited up any mysteries,
Where had Mrs. Wallace gone? That

And none of them could get from Marian Travers an explanation of her presence at the theater. Mr. Davis didn't know. He had not been told what complimented Mrs. Wallace for her good work, and she did not tell. As he passed the theater on his home again he saw the young woman—whose presence no one could account for—stumble and fall, and he saw the bit of a bolt that had dropped from the lofts and struck her. He was displeased, and didn't care to discuss the matter.

"Why, you're not going to stay or two, son't I?" asked Marian Travers, as Doctor Ward Bellingham rose to leave her Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, yes. That's nearly healed over now." She should never know he was troubled to accord for her movements.

"Whatever Mrs. Fallon's party goes out on the lake. Will I be well enough for it?"

"I think so."

"Are you going?"

"I had promised to, but—"

"Oh, go, by all means. I want you should." She laid her fair arms about his neck, and looked straight in his honest eyes. "Why, dearie, you! The bruises there were all out before this happened, and we've watched them. Surely, go!"

"Very well."

"Will you?"

"Yes."

"And next time I will go, too."

He flushed. That beautiful woman, mysterious to her needs, pausing in her actions to kiss him! Why, he was a man, and a bachelor also! Through the big, cool meshes of the strange darkened Travers nest, where he had said. And when he closed the heavy door his footfalls were lost in the deep of the carpet that muffled the floor.

"Dr. Ball!" cold Mrs. Fallon, smiling at Marian.

"I'm going," said the latter. She was very pretty in her loose gown of silk, with the flowers in her hair, and the soft glow of her beauty just concealing but not enough to disclose while concealing the perfect outline of her form. "I'm going."

"Where?"

"With your party on the lake."

"What will your father say?"

"And what has he said about—for a week past? I am good, I shall go to Hamilton with him."

"Why then?"

"It's an anniversary with him."

"But you are not strong enough, dear." Miss Marian Travers rose from her couch, laughing.

"I am stronger than you. I must go. I have looked forward to it for—now, never so long."

"But Doctor Bellingham will not approve of it."

"No, because he will want you all to himself."

"Oh, that couldn't be. Ed Thorne is going."

"Ed Thorne will never be lonely. Anyway—this now with sudden energy—"I am sure I shall go."

"But, my dear, and she shook her head. "Look here, my little queen; you must not go. I shall not go. I have received no notice this to-day, and I have been invited. Now, let us have a little talk of it." asked Marian Travers, as Doctor Ward Bellingham rose to leave her Sunday afternoon.

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was what Mrs. Fallon wanted to know. She had not seen the "Marvel of Mimicry" that night after the theater, and she had not seen her since. Those who had called at the Travers home, and Mrs. Fallon herself, were alike that it was haunted, and not at the side of her friend. Old Miles Travers, millionaire and eccentric, had just left the room. His parting injunction was a command to remain within doors.

"You're not to even to take a spin on your wheel," he had said. And when he closed the heavy door his footfalls were lost in the deep of the carpet that muffled the floor.

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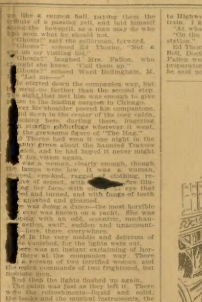

"I will shoot you exceedingly full of holes if you neglect this request"

"We did not eat until after seven," he remarked.

"But your party had assembled before that hour very early."

"Yes. We were together at 1:30."

"Then Mr. Bell was not with you?"

"He should know."

"Why, he was with me from 5:30 until he left her at the dock. Did your party separate after that?"

"No."

"Then she did not accompany you."

There was a disagreeable element of sarcasm in the merchant's voice. He spoke as if the doctor had no right to question or contradict him for him. Ed Thorne remained unmoved, and the doctor's face was flushed. He was accustomed to be treated with deference. Presently, Mr. Bell spoke again, calmly as before, and with not a change in the tone. He was putting on that glove he had removed on coming in.

"You will oblige me by declining hereafter to mention my wife in any gossip parties where either Mrs. Fallon or Miss Travers is present," he said. "Good-day, sir."

Ed Thorne made the reply with a new lighting of the cigarette and a direct scanning of the merchant's face.

"But, Ed, I hope you will not take it amiss if I add that I shall shoot you full of lead if you refuse this request. We do not misunderstand each other, I think."

"Very well, Mr. Bell."

"Very well, then. Good—day."

"Ah—just a moment. Did your wife—Mrs. Bell—go with you?"

"Yes; at least as a foreman informs me."

"And she still there?"

"No; she came in at 6 o'clock today."

"Then I will call."

"Do so frank with you, I want out there this evening."

"And now you?"

"I think I will."

"Will you not with Halewood friends in the city today?"

"I think so."

"Think so! Don't you know?"

"Mrs. Bell has not told me."

"Your party of four was made up at 3 o'clock. We were together for an hour, and at a little past 7. You must admit, if Mrs. Bell was with you at 6 o'clock that she could not have joined the very objectionable party an hour later."

"Was there at no time more than four in the party?"

"No."

Ed Thorne sat bolt upright, and the leather-covered swivel chair creaked complaining.

He remembered "The Hag."

"I see you have none neutral ferocity in that statement. Don't forget what I have said. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir. But say, Mr. Bell, when you see your wife next, don't make the mistake of naming me."

Half an hour elapsed there was a buzzing of the telephone button at the end of the desk. He touched down the receiver, and repeated:

"Hello!"

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bell."

"Good-bye."

"I thought I could not be mistaken in your voice."

"Will be gallant over the telephone, Sir. Mr. Thorne?"

"Well?"

"What do you think of that specter which frightened me last night?"

"I don't know what to think."

"And of one who was with us?"

"I don't care what to think of her, either. Better come down town, where we can talk of these things a little more quietly. I am greatly puzzled. I think Hollingham is, too, though he doesn't say anything."

"I will call on you at 4."

"I will await you."

Hour of twilight in the studio of beauty lighted the threshold of Ed Thorne's private office. He figured on investments, executed memoranda which told him when to call for money for the yards. But he said nothing of that.

he had been shadowing from overture to finale.

She bounded from him with a little cry of surprise—no, of fright. And the two men were beside him in a moment.

"Stop—both of you!" commanded the preacher.

They looked about for the woman, but she was gone.

"Well, you stop, too," was Ed Thorne's calm rejoinder.

It was no scene. There was no danger of these people making a scene—here.

"What do you mean by annoying her?" demanded Ward Bellingham, standing close by the prelate, but speaking with every appearance of a man who discussed harmonies and eschewed discord.

The people were passing in a chattering flood, silks rustling, beaux bowing, belles smiling. No one saw the three-cornered little drama.

"She complained that you two men annoyed her, and I, of course, protected her. Allow me to observe that it does no credit to either of you."

"You whited sepulchre!" exclaimed Ed Thorne.

"You are not clever," added Ward Bellingham, surgeon.

"Do you mean to say you did not address Mrs. Bell?"

"What's that?"

Another—alone from the throng—had caught the question, and turned aside to investigate.

It was Everett Bell, merchant. And on his arm was his wife, radiant in costume, magnificent in jewels.

"Pardon me," exclaimed the prelate. "I am glad you found your husband."

"What do you mean?" asked the merchant, he, too, preserving so unimpassioned a demeanor that not one ear in the crowd caught the note of battle.

"These men," said the Reverend Doctor Murdock, "have been annoying your wife with questions, with following her from place to place, with——"

"You are a set of gibbering idiots," was the merchant's calm remark. "Mrs. Bell has been beside me down there in the center of the house from the first note of the overture. Come on, Mrs. Bell."

And on they went, leaving a rich man, a skilled man, and a holy man absolutely breathless at the top of the stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

Out to the image of a brute adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold.

And that wasn't the last of it.

The next day was Sunday; and Mr. Ed Thorne, who was quite of the world worldly, very often went to church. As a rule he had favored the tabernacle of Doctor Murdock with his attendance; and he was minded on this occasion to go down there in the Kenwood district and see how a prelate could preach after such an odd exhibition as that at the Auditorium on the evening before.

He was engaged for a bicycle ride with Mrs. Fallon later in the day, and was glad of it. A good many uncanny things had been coming into his life of late, and he knew of no power which could so surely exorcise them as the influence of the wheel. There was something in the spirit of that exercise, something in the temper of that sport which put a man's nerves where they ought to be. And he was glad he was going.

Also, he was glad Mrs. Fallon was going with him. That rare woman, with a wit which had won her a place on the stage, and a tact which had given her favor both then and later, was always an excellent companion. She could take care of herself without exuding vinegar from her finger tips, or withering lightning from her eyes. And she was by no means above expressing her pleasure when things went well.

So he sat there very correctly in the congregation, listening to the preacher's intoning, believing him a rascal but admitting that his voice was fine; sat there while the big organ responded to the touch of a master, and felt some stirrings of an emotion that weaker—and worse—men have mistaken for religion.

When, in the river of melody from the big organ the craft of a boy's sweet voice was launched, Ed Thorne caught all the beauty of the air. He knew books as thoroughly as he knew men. And it was with peculiar gratification that he listened to the lines:

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

The voice was that clear soprano of a boy—somehow or other the truest, when well attuned; and he followed its risings and fallings with a soul that understood.

There were other passages in the service. But he was scarcely prepared for the baritone solo that closed the service:

"Flee as a bird to the mountain,
Ye who are weary of sin
Haste to the clear flowing fountain—
There ye may wash, and be clean.
Fly, for the tempter is near you.
Call, and the Saviour will hear you,
He on His bosom will bear you—
Ye who are weary of sin."

There was a violin and a cello accompaniment, and the man-of-the-world, out there in the churchly pew, with aristocracy all about him, with fashion on every hand and what he believed to be a hollow mockery in the reading desk—almost said to himself: "I'm weary of sin."

But the metal monotone of a benediction clattered across the silence that followed the final note of the song. The correct audience turned to depart as one goes from a play—with no more impress than the reading of advertisements may command. And he, catching at his conscience, put it up again, and sought the outer air.

"I've got to reform," he said to himself. "If I don't quit going to church I am ruined."

It was a very good dinner he ate at the big hotel that day; and it was with a calmer spirit that he doffed the uncompromising rigidity of conventional garb and swung his strong limbs with delicious freedom into the cycler's costume.

Mrs. Fallon was a good fellow, and she had not required him to come to her home. She had promised to meet him promptly at 2 o'clock, in the marble hall of the public library. And she was one of the marvelous women who never came late—when she came.

They set their minds on a lemon ice at Evanston. But the day was so fair, Sheridan road was so perfect, the wind and the sun and the midsummer madness of perfume that came from forest and lawn was so full of elixir, that they grew ambitious and pushed on to the north when the ices were done.

Past Highland Park with its military school, along wood-shaded drives as good as the old shell roads by the sea, across bridges that spanned deep ravines and skirting the lawns of magnificent homes these two rode together; and so they left Highwood behind, and came out on the bluff with the lake wimpling below them, and the white stone buildings of Fort Sheridan rose just before.

"Let's rest," cried strong Ed Thorne. And the woman ahead of him swerved sharp to the right and left the road. She rode some dozen yards through the grass and flowers of the wood, but the place was never meant for wheeling, and she hopped down with that double-footed style of dismounting peculiar to women.

They pushed their wheels across the knoll of oak-shaded sward, and came to the great cliff that overhangs the shore. There in the cool of the shadows, with the wind from the northwest favoring them, with the soft yet firm earth beneath them and the riot of June all around, they stretched full length and rested and dreamed.

It was not much they said. There was plenty of picture for both of them, and these they saw. There were white-winged boats out there on the lake—big vessels impiously plying their quest for wealth, steamers that plowed away whether the winds willed it or not, graceful sail boats of all manner of pattern, that ran hither and thither like motes in a bar of sunshine.

The afternoon was very still. And the first sound that came to them was the pipe of a bugle.

"First call!" cried the clubman. "Let's go on to the Fort."

"Isn't this the Fort?"

"We can go to the parade ground. It will be worth our while."

"I have enjoyed it ever so much, so far."

"Thanks, fair Fallon. Go farther, and you shall not fare worse."

"I never saw a lot of soldiers on parade."

"You shall escape no longer."

They were on their feet. She shook the twigs and clinging grasses from her skirt. He brushed them from his knickerbockers. It occurred to him he had not seen her fairly in the face today. Even while eating their cool Evanston ices she had insisted—with an odd little movement he could not refuse—on sitting beside him instead of tete-a-tete. And he cried:

"What's the matter with your eyes? They are not blue today."

(To be continued next week.)

STORY OF A MULE.

He Ended His Wild Career by Blowing Himself Up With Dynamite.

"Mawhin, Mawse Jeems."

"Mawse Jeems," otherwise Mr. James Selby, half asleep, brought his heels down from the veranda railing with violence.

"Eh? Oh, it's you, Tom," he answered.

His visitor stood irresolutely upon the veranda steps, regarding him with a grin such as only a Mississippi negro can conjure up.

"Yes, suh, hit's me," answered Tom. "Mawse Jeems, is yuh got time tuh look at uh mewel dis mawnin?"

"What mule?" inquired Mr. Selby, sleepily, relighting his half-smoked cigar. "Old Red lame again?"

"No, suh, Mawse Jeems," answered Tom. "Dis heah mewel he uh new mewel. I dun buy uh mewel myse'f dis mawnin."

"The deuce you did!" commented Selby. "Where did you get enough to pay for a mule?"

"Hit wuz de hens an de hawgs, suh," explained Tom. "I gin nine dolluhs an fawty cents foh dat mewel."

Selby laughed.

"He must be a fine animal," he observed. "Where is he, Tom? But, hold on! How do you expect to feed 'im?"

"I'se a-comin tuh dat, suh," explained Tom, scratching his head, a shrewd grin widening his thick-lipped mouth. "I gin tuh study 'bout dat mewel las' week, suh, an I sez tuh myself, 'Look a-heah, nigguh, Mawse Jeems he's a-needin uh 'spectable mewel foh tuh 'sossiate wif dem wil' hosses o' hisn.'"

"Well, I'll be d——d!" commented Mr. Selby. "Expect me to feed your mule, do you?"

"Yes, suh," grinned Tom, unabashed. "Rastus he uh monst'us good mewel tuh hab aroun, suh."

Mr. Selby whistled softly.

"Well, Tom," he said, "let me see this paragon in the shape of a mule."

"Suh?" inquired Tom.

"Nothing," said Selby. "Where is he?"

Tom led the way to a spot behind the barn and proudly indicated a decrepit animal, a veritable "bag o' bones."

"Dat's Rastus, suh," he announced.

Mr. Selby examined the animal, which at the moment leaned wearily against a rail fence.

"What's that knot on his leg, Tom?" he inquired.

"Rastus he gin tuh git fat en spots, suh," explained the owner of the animal. "Mebbe he gwine git sum o' dem knots 'long he backbone sum o' dese days."

"Needs 'em, I'm sure," commented Selby. "Well, Tom, now that you've got him I suppose you'd better keep him in the bottom pasture, and you might give him old Dave's stall."

"T'ankee, suh," beamed Tom. "Rastus he sho' uh monst'us handy mewel tuh hab aroun."

Mr. Selby, in the myriad duties attendant upon the management of a large plantation, had completely forgotten Rastus, especially as Tom, in his constant endeavor to "put sum o' dem knots" on his backbone, had not been seen near the house for some days; but one Sunday, as Mr. Selby sat at dinner, a violent and Sabbath-violating explosion caused him to spring to his feet and hurry hatless toward the sound thereof.

He discovered Tom gazing mournfully into a huge and freshly torn hole in the field.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he demanded.

"Hit wuz dat mewel, suh," explained Tom, sorrowfully. "Dat good for nuffin Rastus he tek and kill hisself dis mawnin."

"Killed himself?" echoed Selby, in amazement, suicide upon the part of a Mississippi mule being something altogether new to him. "How did it happen, Tom?"

"Well, suh, Mawse Jeems," answered Tom, mopping his head wearily with his red bandana, "I'se bin a-habin all kines o' trubbel wif dat mewel. Yes, suh, he wa'n't de mewel I tekken 'im tuh be.

"Dis mawnin, suh, I go tuh ch'ech wif de ole 'oman an de chillun, an, suh, dat mewel he stick he fool haid en de do' an holluh an laff lak he gwine bus' hisse'f wide open.

"Yes, suh, dat sho' bruk up de meetin."

"Should think it would," commented Selby; "but what's that to do with his killing himself?"

"I'se a-gittin tuh dat, suh," said Tom. "Well, suh, I take dat mewel home an I faih weah out eh fence rail on he back, but Rastus he dat low down an trifiin an lazy he don' which he tail eben. Den attuh I git en de cabin he chawge obeh de fiel' an he kick down de straw stack, suh, an' he 'gin tuh kick dat ole sicky-more stump.

"Lawd, how dat mewel he kick!

"Den, suh, I git dat danneymite an fix tuh blow up de stump; else dat mewel gwine huht hisself, an fust ting I knows dat mewel he feelin so mean he jes lean hisef agin dat stump an blow hissef tuh kingdom cum."

The old negro was so earnest that Selby suppressed a laugh by a mighty effort.

"Too bad, Tom," he said. "What have you done with him?"

"Lawd, Mawse Jeems," answered Tom, "Rastus he in Vicksbu'g by dis time. "Las' I see o' dat no 'count mewel he a-sailin froo de tree tops lak uh buzzud——"

But Mr. Selby, unable to contain his mirth further, laughed until his eyes streamed.

"Well, Tom," he gasped, "I guess we can find another Rastus for you somewhere on the place."

"T'anke, suh!" responded Tom, his black face wreathed in one overwhelming smile. "On'y, Mawse Jeems, please, suh, don' gib dis heah ole nigguh no mo' Rastuses; he dun hed uh 'sperience."

"Moran of the Lady Letty, a Story of Rough Life at Sea," by Frank Norris, begins in next week's Ledger. It is a wonderful story.

Picking Pockets With Toes.

The Gauchos, or dwellers in the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired through long practice such skill in using their toes as if they were fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near, and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.

"I tell you, doctor, I'll hang for him!"

"Hush!" I said; "such language will get you into trouble."

"I care nothing about trouble," he answered. "No trouble can be anything after what has taken place, and if I do not hang for him, he shall hang for me."

"Nonsense, Tom! Such talk is not only foolish; it is wicked. What good can come of threatening of that kind? Moreover, if anything should happen to Peter, and you were heard indulging in language of this sort, it might land you into serious difficulty."

"My talk," he answered, "is not mere idle menace; I mean all I say. Pete shall suffer as he has made me and the rest of us suffer. There is no other way by which he can be punished."

"You make a mistake," I answered; "vengeance is God's. Leave the matter in higher hands, and do not attempt yourself to act the part of judge and executioner."

"It is easy for you to talk, doctor. Perhaps you never had a sister."

"That is true," I replied. "I never had that pleasure."

"And if you had, and loved her as I loved Mary, you would not talk as you do. Mary was not like other girls. I hear of young fellows who are fond of the sisters of other men than of their own, but it has never been so with me. Mary was my companion, as you know. In all our childish troubles we were each other's confidants. I fought her battles when I was a lad of seven or eight, and through all our life up to—up—to"—and he turned away his head and choked back a lump that had risen in his throat.

"Yes, I know, Tom; but you cannot mend matters by taking the law into your own hands."

"Oh! can't I?" he answered bitterly. "Am I to stand idly by and do nothing? You do not know what Mary was to me. No, no, doctor, I am waiting my opportunity, and when that opportunity comes, Pete shall be made to suffer."

"And suppose you make him suffer, Tom; you cannot by that means undo anything that has been done. The past remains. By inflicting another wrong you do not rectify a wrong already committed."

"It will be a satisfaction, at any rate, to know that he has not escaped punishment. The law of the country cannot touch him, and as for Heaven—well, Heaven lets him go on as though nothing had happened. The man has not conscience or feeling, he does not care that we have suffered. He has rid himself—as he imagines—of a burden, and now goes on his villainous ways rejoicing, as though no life had been destroyed nor hearts broken. I tell you, doctor, it is maddening; and since neither God nor human law will touch him, I am determined to take the law into my own hands."

"And if you do, the chances are that you will get the worst of it. He is a strong and a determined man, and if you attempt to punish him, it is more than likely the punishment will fall on your own head."

"I will take my chance of that," he replied bitterly. "Whenever I cross his path you will hear that something has happened, and, as I said, I am prepared to hang for him and will do it cheerfully."

We were in the top room of the engine-house during this conversation. Tom was engine-driver of "the fire whim," but there was no stuff to be hauled from underground today, and Tom was busy cleaning and oiling his engine. I had called to see him as he had often wanted to show me the engine which he managed, and of which he was very reasonably proud. As most people know, the compact, horizontal, high-pressure engines were not at that time in vogue, at least in the west of England. All the engines had upright cylinders, consequently the engine-houses were generally three and four storeys high. The engine-house in which we now were, belonged to the latter class. Near where I sat was an open door which led out on to a small platform running along the whole width of the building, and used mainly for the purpose of oiling and cleaning certain parts of the gearing.

It was a beautiful June afternoon, the sun was shining brightly, and a soft breeze was blowing in through the open door. From our lofty position we could look away beyond the limit of the mine over a great stretch of rolling country, with just a glimpse of the sea in the distance.

Tom moved across to the other side of the room, and began scouring vigorously some brasswork, and I, taking advantage of the lull in our conversation, went through the open door on to the small platform of which I have spoken, and leaning on the strong protecting rail, began to study with some care the map of the district. The valley of the Eastdale could be traced for many miles, with Eastdale Major on the one side, and Eastdale Minor on the other, the Minor indeed exceeding the Major at present in population. A few yards away was the gaping mouth of the whim shaft, the usual protection being just now absent; for, owing to the fact that no stuff was being hauled today, the trap doors had been carted away to the carpenter's shop to be repaired, and so the shaft stood with its cavernous mouth wide open.

"How deep is this shaft?" I called to Tom, through the open door.

"Two hundred fathoms," he replied.

"It is an awful depth," I answered.

"It!" he replied, with a little laugh. "If a man fell down there, he wouldn't have headache again."

"I wonder they leave the shaft without protection," I answered, "even for a single day."

"Oh, there is no danger," he replied; "no one is likely to stray into its neighborhood."

After a few minutes I returned again to the room, and, sitting on the one chair it contained, I watched Tom as he brightened the brasswork of his engine. He was a strong, muscular, handsome fellow, with a square chin and a firm, determined mouth. His face, though resolute, was kindly; and his nature was so genial that he was a great favorite with all who knew him. During the last few weeks, however, all the light had gone out of his eyes, and the joy from his laugh. If he laughed at all, it was in a bitter, cynical way. Everyone noticed the change that had come over him, though no one wondered much, for it was known throughout the whole district how much his sister Mary had been to him, and how devotedly he had loved her.

The story of Mary was a very painful one, but one, alas, all too common, not only in Eastdale, but in many other industrial districts in the county. Mary was a meek, gentle, confiding creature, having a world of affection in her nature, but not much resolution. All her life she had been more noted for kindliness of disposition than for strength of will.

For eighteen months and more she had been courted by Pete Treloar, a young farmer in the district, and everything had gone pleasantly and well. The course of true love in this case seemed to have no stony places in it. People said that it was a good match for Mary; for Peter was the only son of his father, who was considered well-to-do.

Peter was a big, heavy-browed fellow, more noted for physical strength than for intellectual power. He had wooed Mary with passionate devotion, bearing down all her objections and almost forcing her to give her consent. In some respects he was not all that Mary would have desired, for she was of a distinctly religious turn of mind, while he was altogether indifferent about religious things. But he was said to have a kindly disposition, notwithstanding his overbearing ways. Moreover, he was well connected and well-to-do, while his love for Mary seemed so great and overmastering that she gave her consent at last, and everybody predicted a happy wedding-day at no distant date.

Well, as I said, this began eighteen months before the time I am now speaking of. For a year or so all went merry as wedding bells, and then—well, it is the old story, and need not be told in detail, the old story of woman's weakness and affection and man's heartless cruelty.

When Mary discovered the truth she entreated her sweetheart to let the marriage take place at once. Pete promised readily enough, and Mary dried her eyes and looked happy once more; but as the days passed away, and Peter made no sign of redeeming his promise, Mary pleaded with him again, urgently and with many tears.

Pete still promised, but urged many difficulties, said that he could not marry without his father's consent, that he had nothing of his own to live upon, that courtship was one thing and marriage quite another, and that he must get his father round to his way of thinking before the ceremony could take place.

So the days passed away, and Mary grew more anxious and hollow-eyed, and every time she met her sweetheart she entreated him with earnest, loving words to save her from further [illegible] and from future shame.

As the days grew into weeks Pete got almost angry with her, he hated to see her tears, he was worried by her constant entreaties. Moreover she had lost some of her good looks, he imagined, and was not nearly so pretty as she once had been, while her constant [illegible] had become an annoyance to him, and he kept out of her way as much as possible. During all this time, Mary kept the secret to herself, and not even did she confide in her mother, and as for her brother Tom, he had no suspicion that anything was wrong. Yet he was grieved that her face grew so pale and her eyes so hollow, and that all the mirth went out of her laughter. He tried his best to rally her out of her lowness of spirits, and asked her if she was less attentive than he had been in the past. But Mary, in order to shield herself, shielded her lover also; she would not admit that Pete was changed in the smallest degree. However, as the weeks passed away Mary knew well enough that she could not possibly keep her secret much longer, and she again went to her sweetheart and entreated him more earnestly than ever to fix an early day for the marriage. Pete was angry and sullen. He spoke to her bitterly and angrily, told her that no man could stand being nagged at as she kept nagging at him, and intimated only too clearly that she had become a burden to him. As for the wedding he was not certain that that could ever take place, but it was clear enough that he would not be in a position to marry for several years.

Mary came back from the interview broken-hearted. She locked herself in her room refusing to see anyone, complaining that she had a headache and wanted to be undisturbed. Next morning, however, it was discovered that her bed had not been slept in, but on her table was a long letter, blotted with tears and written with a trembling hand—a letter in which she told her story, told it with infinite pathos, revealing how deep and hopeless was her grief. She said that she could not live and endure such pain, that to bring trouble upon others had broken her heart, that her lover had cast her off, and that there was nothing for her to do but to die; she was not certain how the end would come, she only knew that she could not live. She asked her parents and Tom to forgive her, to think as kindly of her as they could in the days to come, to cherish her memory in their hearts, and to pray that the good God might forgive her for what she was about to do. She was not certain if she were in her right mind; she thought she was, only her heart was broken, and she could not live.

Tom that day was like a man demented, and so indeed was his father. They scoured the neighborhood in all directions, they searched in every nook and corner, they made inquiries of people who came into town from distant villages, they sent messengers in all directions, but no tidings could be obtained of the missing girl.

Tom began to hope that she had not carried out her threat, and that they might yet find her somewhere alive; but on the third morning a windlass was erected over a disused shaft, and Tom was lowered into its dark, dismal depths. At the bottom, several fathoms below the surface, he came upon the still, white form of his sister. Strangely enough she was scarcely disfigured at all. She lay at the bottom of the shaft with her eyes closed, as though she were asleep. Tom knelt and held his candle that the light might fall on her sweet, pure face. He covered her cold lips with kisses, and called her name passionately. After that he signalled to be drawn up to the surface, and others were lowered to fetch up the dead body of Mary Lanyon.

From that day Tom was a changed man. As I said, all the joy went out of his laughter and all the light out of his eyes. He seemed to cherish one thought and that was of vengeance. To meet Pete Treloar and kill him or be killed by him was his one hope and ambition. Pete, however, kept steadily out of the way. He had heard something of what Tom had said, and doubtless feared the consequences. Moreover, he was more or less a coward at heart, and though he did not feel as keenly as a more sensitive mind might have felt the meaning of the awful tragedy that had come through his wickedness, nevertheless he did feel in some measure, and was glad to be away from the peering eyes of the people.

This was about six weeks before our conversation in the top room of the engine-house. After Tom had finished polishing the brasses, he went out on the platform. I heard him give a sharp ejaculation, then he rushed swiftly past me, slammed the door behind him, and strangely, as I thought, turned the key in the lock. I ran to the door after him and found that I could not open it. Then I hurried through the open door on to the platform, and looking down I saw Pete Treloar walking past the engine-house, and looking in this direction, and that as if expecting someone. In a moment a tragedy suggested itself to my mind, and indeed it was a tragedy I was compelled to witness. I saw Tom rush swiftly behind Pete and seize him by his coat and then turning quickly round he dragged him toward the gaping shaft, and now began a hand-to-hand struggle I heard Tom exclaim, "You villain, now you shall die or I will, or we will both die together." I called to them from my high perch begging them not to engage in a struggle in so dangerous a place, but Tom was deaf to all my entreaties. I looked in all directions hoping that I might see someone, but the place was evidently deserted. I ran again into the room and tugged at the bolted door, but found that it was impossible for me to descend that way. Again I came out on the platform, and looked in vain for any ladder by which I might descend, and so put an end to this terrible quarrel.

Meanwhile the two men had got to the very brink of the shaft, and were engaged in a life and death struggle. They swerved and swayed, now trembling on the very brink of the awful pit and then back again a few feet from the mouth. So they wrestled with each other as desperate men will, the one for revenge, the other to save his life. As I watched the life and death struggle, my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. I called to them again and again, but I could scarcely raise my voice above a whisper. I grasped the stout railing as though for dear life, and was compelled to watch, though I would fain have closed my eyes and shut out the terrible picture. Again and again they got to the very brink of the shaft, and I felt that both must fall into the awful abyss. I called again as well as I could, and urged them to be careful, but my words were unheeded. Both men had now reached such a state of passion that they seemed quite oblivious to the danger they ran.

At length, as I watched with wide-opened eyes, gripping the rail in sheer agony, I saw the gleam of a knife in the sunshine. The next moment Tom gave a cry and said, "You villain, you have stabbed me." Then bending all his strength, I saw him seize his opponent round the waist and lift him clear of the ground. It was a superhuman effort and his last. Trembling in every limb, I could but watch the final act in this awful tragedy. I wanted to turn away my head, but I was under a spell—fascinated, powerless.

Clean into the air he lifted Pete as though he were a child, and flung him over his head into the gaping shaft. But Pete's grip on Tom had never relaxed, and when he fell he dragged Tom with him. With an agonizing shriek, that rang in my ears for days and weeks after, the two men passed out of my sight. Two hundred fathoms they fell without a break. I saw one face as they disappeared into the dark abyss—the face of Tom. It was white and passionate like the face of the dead. The cry was Pete's, despairing and terrible, and then I sank upon the floor and hid my face in my hands.

Clean into the air he lifted Pete, as if he were a child.

So Tom had his revenge and Pete received his punishment, and the people of Eastdale shut their lips in silence. It was not theirs to pass judgment. But the grief and the pity of it all was that three young lives had been wiped out of existence, and no one was the better for the sacrifice.

For long after, the scene of the tragedy was avoided after nightfall, and I never went near it without experiencing a thrill of horror. And even today I can never recall my sojourn in Eastdale without thinking of the tragedy of the Whim Shaft.

Points and Moot-Points.

The more need, the less nerve.

Men call their own imbecility fate.

The pinch is to love; justice will follow.

God has positions to give out, no sinecures.

Duty, without imagination, marches to dull music.

Heat hardens, brain softens under the stress of life.

The wise discover principles—fools demonstrate them.

We put our worst selfishness on those we profess to love.

To resist justice is the stupidest passion of the human soul.

We love souls into life and then kill them by indifference.

What we spend on justice we may discount from our charity.

There are wealth and poverty of some kind in every human habitation.

Not to know our duty is one kind of insanity; not to do it is another kind.

Give the needy what they need, and, in order to be able, refuse to give to the unneedy.

Very little going from actual good to bad—we do not exchange a shilling for a six-pence.

Meddling is pure conceit. We are intolerant of those who mind their own affairs—we could manage them so much better.—Boston Transcript.

It is one of the privileges of Chinese commanding officers that they may only be beaten by the hand of their general.

RETURNING.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

Now from her summer's little space
Of rest she comes; amid the press
Of life's unceasing strife and stress,
To take again her daily place.

And with her, through the certain door
That shuts between that land so fair
And free and this of toil and care,
She brings a goodly gathered store.

She brings with her the tender mood
Of twilight's hour; the dawn's swift glow,
The water's ripple soft and low,
The scent of meadow, field and wood.

The song of birds at early morn,
The shadows fleet, the clouds that pass,
The comfort of the dear green grass,
The rustle of the waving corn.

Stray wefts of fairy gossamer
That float upon the vagrant breeze,
The sweet, small tumults in the trees,
She brings back to the town with her.

She brings by some rare guileless art—
Simple is she and yet most wise—
The summer's sunshine in her eyes,
The summer's sweetness in her heart.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA CHIMES.

A Battle in the Holy Place and the Death of a Princess.

BY JOHN TRACY JONES.

Ring out, soft chimes, from your belfry tower. Call to vespers the young maidens with light hearts and love-joys in their eyes, and the old men and weary women of Coyoacan.

I would hear your sweet jangle of sound, O bells, nor do I ever weary of your reverberant echoes, as they sweep through chancel and nave to die in the high plains of Onahuac.

I am hoary with age. These thick walls of San Juan Bautista were fashioned ages ago, by the Dominican friar, Vetanzos, when his order counted fourteen centuries of ministration to the children of men.

The shadows of countless generations and memories lurk among these pillars, and vibrate to the deep roll of yonder organ. Unnumbered feet have worn the marble flooring of these arches, gay bridal processions, and slow funeral marches have passed up and down, and many a faint wail has rung plaintive and prophetic from the gray baptismal fount which stands to the right of yon open doorway.

Yes, since 1530, the date of my construction, this church of San Juan Bautista has been a mute spectator of the vicissitudes of humanity; their careless joys and passing griefs.

And peering down into the streets of Coyoacan from belfry and tower I have noticed along with the eternal mutations of nature, the ebb and flow of human life and passion, the temporary rush, haste and endeavor, ever followed by a pause, and a dull stagnation, until other generations bring a revival of bustling activity and new endeavors supersede former modes.

One of my earliest impressions is that of admiration for the grand warrior Friar Bartolome de Olivedo, when from this stone pulpit he thundered his stern rebuke to the conqueror Cortez and to his wild and rollicking companions. For, the tale of their orgie at a feast, given to celebrate their victory over the owner of the soil, a proud Aztec monarch, had been whispered about during the chanting of mass, as also the story of clemency which had spared the life of that young native chief.

My structure was rude and unfinished in those early days. The old monks, poor and indomitable, with tireless energy, had but built these heavy walls, and reared a turret to encase those bells, which still ring out their holy chimes down the peaceful valleys of Mexico.

And today, amid the glitter of lights and the rising incense, floating up from altar and censer, when throngs gather to heed the speech of some reverend father, an expounder of the thought of the nineteenth century, which has set its seal on fashion and device and research, and when estheticism creeps in and nestles content amid the feminine beauty of the hour, I revert in memory to those extinct races and wild passions which once thronged this temple, reared so long ago by bloody conquerors of the worldly Aztec race.

One spot has ever been more sacred to me than others, amid the throng of memories which jostle and troop through this church of San Juan Bautista.

It is yonder square marble flagstone, set in the flooring by the side of that porphyry column, where, at eventide, the last rays of the setting sun, just before it sinks to rest beyond the smooth waters of the Pacific, fall obliquely from yonder narrow window beneath the roof.

The light lingers ever, to fade out gradually, just as it did those long centuries ago, when its quivering shaft shone full on a fair face and a sad spectacle.

She had crept in slowly and timorously, she, the wife of an Aztec chief and daughter of Montezuma, to gaze at the symbols of the christian faith, that religion of the cruel conquerors of her people.

Tall and slender and beautiful in face and form, garbed in regal coloring, a princess at whose command gold and jewels had lain profuse and abundant, and to whose least word thousands would yield a trembling obedience, she stood that day alone and abandoned, a mournful image of sad despair.

Gazing from out her dark brown eyes, in whose depth was the look of a hunted gazelle, at the pomp and circumstance of an alien religion, when the slow chant of the monks rose and fell, filling with its monotonous wail the nooks and corners of this heavy building, she lifted to heaven in protest against the crushing weight of her misfortunes her slender arms, wringing her hands in an agony of violent grief.

The westering sun fell full against yon porphyry pillar, and on a picture of surpassing loveliness. For when the chimes of San Juan Bautista rang out, and their sweet tones went echoing down the valley, beating up against the steep sides of these surrounding hills, floating upward to heaven with mellow tones of peace and consolation, Princess Ozra leaned back, seeking support from the cold stone of the pillar, while a look of weary sorrow settled over her form and face.

There was a sudden rush of feet through the doorway, a clash of arms and a few short words of stern command.

The wailing chant of the Dominican friars was suspended as they drew back shuddering around their blazing altar.

There were shouts and yells of defiance, a sudden shriek, wild curses, a groan and some broken calls for help, or mercy, or revenge.

A Spanish troop pressed back by those fierce Aztec warriors fought hard and fierce around the alleys and pillars of San Juan Bautista, fought like trapped wild beasts amid the fast waning light of day, as thicker and more numerous flocked in the wild native warriors, singing high and shrill the song of their war gods, in mockery of the Dominican chant which had rung out on the summer air a short while before.

Panting, but unterrified, her slender form drawn up to its full height, her nostrils quivering and her great brown eyes no longer pleading and mournful, but blazing with the light of her warrior ancestors, Princess Ozra stood close by yon pillar, nor moved, nor cried out, nor fled.

Around her raged the fierce combat. Darker grew the shadows, louder and more numerous were the groans and cries and curses.

Then, when spent and exhausted, their numbers thinned by death, the Spanish force pressed back around yon altar, on which some few lights still burned, while the Dominican friars lay huddled and prone against its base, seeing destruction inevitable, raised one last rallying shout and made one last onset.

Above the clamor and turmoil rose the chimes of San Juan Bautista. They rang out sweet and clear down the streets of Coyoacan, out into the valley, across the plains of Onahuac, calling for help in anguished entreaty, a wailing and clamorous appeal.

From belfry and tower I could see the glitter of Spanish arms and could hear the hurried tramp of the Spanish troops as they dashed up at the call of the silver chimes to bring succor and relief.

The dark shades of night had settled over all things when, beaten back and decimated, the Aztec horde rushed down the sloping sides of the valley, and silence again reigned in this old church of San Juan Bautista.

Slowly the Dominican monks filed in anew, and with torch and candle drove out the shadows back into the night.

The chimes still rang their mellow tune, now a requiem for the dead, the sad-faced friars intoned their Latin chant. Rudely the dead body of the Aztec prince and the mutilated remains of his followers were thrown out from the sacred precincts of this holy church, and a group gathered in silent amaze around in gorgeous attire, which lay at the base of yonder stone pillar.

She was brought, through curiosity and a wild desire for revenge, to the foot of the altar on which blazed the lights.

Dead and beautiful she lay, Princess Ozra of the old Aztec race, beneath the dome of San Juan Bautista, her long hair streaming over the cold stones of the chancel, her great brown eyes staring up at the great cross of the christians, no look of fear or sorrow on a face of sculptural beauty, her soul wandering through the night through the great valleys and plains of her native land on the soft waves of sound, of the chimes of San Juan Bautista.

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O. B. SMITH, St. Augustine, Fla.

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Agents Wanted Page 7

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PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

The above picture shows some men and boys in the woods searching for the princess. She is hid in the trees. She is the largest figure in the picture. Search carefully and you may find her. Study the picture carefully, turn it slowly around and you may discover the princess and win a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her, draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 10c. to pay for a three months' trial subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will also send you free one of our beautiful stick pins, as shown in the illustration, for lady or gent.

Number 1 is an oval ruby stick or scarf pin. Tiffany style setting, beautiful fire and luster in the stone.

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Pick out TWO pins by number, when you have found the princess in the picture. Send us your 10c. the pins will be sent at once free.

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FASHIONS AND HOUSEHOLD

CURLS IN FAVOR.

High and Wide Coiffures Much Ornamented.

Emphasis is being laid on that roof and crown of things feminine, namely the dressing of hair.

There are those who prophesy, in view of the increasing height and width of the modish coiffure, that we are getting back to the eighteenth century zone of extravagance, when women wore as much hair and sundry other etceteras on their heads as would comfortably stuff a mattress for a double bed.

However that may be, it is certain that we now have six different types of tongs and curling pins in active use.

They are called palm curls and are merely the soft new hair that, like the down under a swan's white feathers, is always springing bright and new on the well thatched heads of young people. To roll the long hair back, having a full curling down softly framing the arch of the forehead, is one of the prettiest maneuvers a debutante can resort to.

Matrons are wearing, whether they are nature's gifts or not, rather impressive looking nests of curls that flower out luxuriantly in a pronounced point on the brow, and no fixed rule can be given as to where the loops and puffs of hair must be placed.

An empress knot, a soft twist, is often pinned well below the crown point, and is run through with an ornamental pin of dark or pale green shell, picked out in brilliants. In a majority of instances women of all ages prefer to dress their hair very high and pile ornaments on top of the puffy, curly tower.

The high knot, for instance, is a lofty, eight-shaped twist, so deftly planted exactly on the back of the head and braced by a comb behind that it rears the full extent of its snaky coils high in the air. Not a whit less imposing is the curl cluster, which is by all odds the foremost achievement of the modern hairdresser.

To attain the curl cluster all the long hair must have its full extent turned up in the air on top of the head. Here it is portioned out into ten or a dozen switches, and every switch is submitted to a new curling iron that is a hollow cylinder.

When the hair is adjusted a hot iron is run into the cylinder, which slowly grows very warm, and this heat slowly transforms the straightest hair into a series of shiny curls, that stand erect with all the graceful backbone of a tuft of ostrich feathers.

But if the curl cluster numbers its followers by the thousand the butterfly bowknot numbers its retainers by the tens of thousands. Two soft loops of hair, jutting to right and left, and made fast to a small central twist, is the whole story of this gracious bow, that is, however, becoming only to the owner of a slender face.

One and all these methods of disposing the hair are completed with clusters of wholly artificial hairpin curls, that are not, though, always fixed to pins.

All these species of coiffure noted are of especial benefit to the woman who yearns to appear as divinely tall as divinely fair, and to help out the effect she tops her capillary structure with charming and wonderful ornaments, artfully composed by the skilled fingers of the astutest milliners.

Novelty in Corset Covers.

A very dainty corset cover is shown among the French novelties at a fashionable shop. It is made of a wide piece of embroidery such as is used for skirt flouncing. It requires so little material that it might easily be made from a remnant bought at a "bargain counter." Place the embroidered edge at the top, gather the

plain edge into a tight belt about an inch wide. Begin by taking a very small seam under the arm, increasing the width of the seam towards the waist, until the corset cover fits like a glove. The shoulder strap is of narrow insertion edged with lace. A narrow lace ruffle extends down the right side, under which the corset cover fastens with exceedingly small pearl buttons.

THE LATEST.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DOBB, No. 806 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

Active Little Minds.

A child's questions should be answered very carefully, yet without suggestion, in order that there may be no physical strain, says an expert on kindergarten work, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Hothouse growth and undue forcing are to be deprecated, in fact, strongly condemned, in the training of children. If no suggestion be given the active little minds will be fully satisfied with the answers given when once the habit has been established in the child's mind that his questions will always be answered. If mother's, who so often are victimized by persistent questioners among their own children, could learn the value of always answering a child's questions from the moment he begins to ask, remembering, however, that all she wants to accomplish is to satisfy the child's demand for knowledge (not give him an answer that to her mature mind seems the one to give, in order to teach him, as so many do), she would discover for herself the ease that comes with such a method. The child very quickly finds out the interesting fact that he can always find out what he wants to know by asking, hence takes things easy, and if a suggestion is avoided it is very easy to keep a normal child to natural, healthy development of both body and mind, and harmonious development must result.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Wax to Cover Jelly.

An idea that might have been borrowed from the waxen comb that keeps honey sweet and pure is the use of paraffine wax to cover the tops of jelly glasses. Paraffine has been used for this purpose by housewives for a number of years and is growing more and more in favor every year as the simplicity, economy and good results of the method become known. Paraffine wax can be obtained at all drug stores at a moderate cost.

When preserving is done the wax is melted and a layer of a quarter of an inch or less is poured on top of the jelly. This hardens at once and being perfectly air-tight keeps the jelly from moulding or growing tough on top. It is easy and cleanly to apply and to remove and among persons who have tried all methods it is agreed to be the most satisfactory. When the wax is taken off after eight or ten months have elapsed the jelly is found as soft and fresh at the top of the glass as at the bottom, and the wax can be saved and used for the same purpose again.

NOVELTIES IN AUTUMN COIFFURES.

White Wash Veils.

To regular features, white wash veils are very becoming. Women with irregular features have to wear them, however, for they are the only practical veil for the sailor hat. Of course, chiffon is more stylish, but it is not durable, and will not stand many washings. The regular wash veils get soiled very easily, especially the part that comes directly over the mouth. Naturally it gets a trifle damp there and the dust sticks to it. To wash one of these veils properly it should be soaked in a strong lather of tepid water and white soap for at least half an hour. The soapy water should be squeezed out and the veil rinsed in clean water, and then dipped in cold coffee or tea, if a creamy or yellowish tint is desired, and it is more becoming to most faces than a pure white. Finally the veil should be shaken out, not wrung, and each point pinned tightly and carefully to the counterpane on a bed and the veil reefed down with pins on the ends and plain sides. Almost before one finishes pinning it it is dry, and just about as stiff as when new.

How to Gain Flesh.

"First of all, the person inclined to thinness must learn to be quiet, even in active exercises," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "The Best Foods for Stout and Thin Women," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The morning bath and rub is absolutely necessary. For the morning meal she should take some light, easily digested food, as two soft-boiled eggs, a piece of milk toast, or piece of toasted whole wheat bread, preceding this a half hour with a cup of warm water. At luncheon a cream soup, piece of whole wheat bread, well toasted, any of the little made dishes like chicken timbales, boulins, omelets, with at least two slices of whole wheat bread thickly buttered; two ounces of butter at this meal would not be too great a quantity if well masticated with the bread. Use, also a baked potato, or a couple of tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, and as a dessert, rice pudding, cup custard, any of the light soufles, or Bavarian creams—in fact, anything but cake, pie or boiled puddings. Avoid all of the acid fruits.

"For the night meal have a clear soup, a red meat, either beef or mutton, with a baked potato, or mashed potato browned in the oven, or a potato croquette, or rice in any form, stewed marcaroni, a green vegetable, and a salad composed of a green vegetable with French dressing. Do not have more than two vegetables at one meal, besides the salad. For dessert have a charlotte, a little ice cream eaten slowly, or any of those above mentioned or a wafer that has been thoroughly toasted, and any of the ripe cheeses. For luncheon, where cream soups cannot be used, a cup of cocoa or chocolate with cream is exceedingly valuable."

Advice on Letter Writing.

In writing to men, girls—especially girls past 25—don't say too much, and don't say it in many words. Men all have latent, inborn cruelty under their waistcoats, and it all comes out when they get documents—over four pages long.

Don't use more than one "darling" per page, even to your fiancee. Gush if you must, when you are together, but don't effervesce upon paper. Why should you, really?

If you hunger for warfare, write to your lover a sweet, loving postal card, directed to the office. Try it, and wait.

No matter if he does want you to write every day—don't. A few days' waiting for a letter from you will be wholesome moral discipline.

Men do not dote upon reproaches, sent by mail. If you have just cause for anger against any of the poor male species, manifest it by a golden silence. Speech is but silver, and written reproaches are, in comparison even baser metal.

Don't spend whole pages in silly excuses; that is egotistical. Nor will it exalt you in your correspondent's eyes to implore him to "answer your letter;" that should be a self-imposed task. Gentlemen need no such reminders.

If you receive a written proof occasionally of a man's affection, don't show it to your best friend. Envy might thus be born, and malice is her twin sister. Besides, it's silly.

A badly-spelled, recrossed epistle is an unlovely witness against you. Men enjoy daintily-worded and written letters—when they must read them at all.

Never expect a busy mere man to really distinguish himself in a letter—he won't. He is essentially a disciple of brevity.

Heavily-scented paper is vulgar, highly-tinted paper likewise, stamps oddly placed and eccentric chirography not to be esteemed.

White Gloves of Cotton.

Something new in the way of gloves has made its appearance. It is a white glove loosely woven of cotton, having the appearance of open-work wh[illegible] duck. It looks as if it might be harsh t[illegible] the touch, but it is really as soft as silk, [illegible] remarkably cool, and washes like an [illegible] rag. This is a French importation. [illegible]nother new glove, for golfing and cycling, has a cotton back of similar material, [illegible] in pretty shades of mixed tans and [illegible], and kid palms. This season's silk g[illegible] are heavily embroidered on the back, which gives them a trifle more style, and some of them have bands of lace inser[illegible] woven in. Some women simply canno[illegible] wear kid gloves in hot weather, so they [illegible]ve to pocket their pride and adopt silk [illegible] thread. Those who possibly can sho[illegible] stick to the chamois gloves or suede, [illegible] the hand was never yet made beau[illegible] enough to look shapely and stylish in [illegible] silk glove or any other on that order.

Cream of C[illegible]n Soup.

Score down the gra[illegible] and press out the pulp from six good-s[illegible] ears of corn; add to this in a double bo[illegible] one quart of milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, not more than one-eighth of a teaspoonful of ground mace, about a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and, if you like, a teaspoonful of butter and two of flour, add to the soup and stir until thick. Serve in a hot tureen after pressing through a puree sieve.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.

Her Only Affair of the Heart and What It Won.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

A child crying down in the swamp—what could it mean? Miss Abigail Drew stopped, and set down the heavy basket of lunch she was carrying to the men in the hayfield. It surely was a child's cry, and a baby's, too! How it stirred the chords of her lonely, longing heart! Miss Abigail loved children with a passionate, yearning love, and yet it had been years since she had even heard a baby cry. Living alone with her brother and the occasional help on the remote farm, all social relationships, all neighborly amenities and delights were almost entirely denied her. And, above all things, she missed and longed for the sunny presence of children. She felt that, if she only had a child to care for, her barren, empty life would overflow with joy and purpose. The days, now so sad and meaningless, would be so rich and blessed then! Ah! there is nothing like the infinite aching of the mother-heart in a childless breast.

Therefore, that child-cry, floating up from the swamp, was heavenly music to the heart of Miss Abigail Drew. She clasped her hands and listened, her whole being absorbed in the associations connected with the sound. Suddenly her heart surged into her throat, and she caught her breath with the thought that rushed across her mind—what if a baby had been left in the swamp deserted—! And what if she should be the one to find it and take it home; and oh! what if nobody should ever come to claim it! The wistful face of the woman paled and flushed, and flushed and paled, in swift succession, as her heart brooded upon this wonderful possibility. At length, with a little cry that was all a prayer, she sprang toward the swamp, leaving the basket of lunch under the blaze of the July sun.

When she emerged from the thick, low woods at the bottom of the pasture, her dress was torn and her face scratched and streaming with perspiration, but the rapture and triumph that shone in her eyes, as she looked down upon a bundle strained to her breast, showed that life, for her, had suddenly been lifted above all ordinary conditions and considerations, and that she was only conscious of walking upon such roseate air as that old painters limned beneath the feet of their exalted Madonnas. A little face peeped out from the ragged shawl that wrapped Miss Abigail's precious burden, but the plaintive cry had ceased, and the blue eyes of the little foundling were gazing up into those "two springs of limpid love" that shone above them.

Nathan Drew and his two hired men were waiting impatiently under the shadow of a big elm tree, when their breathless provider finally arrived with the basket of lunch and that strange bundle upon her left arm. It was long past noon, and Nathan Drew was fretting and fuming at his sister's unaccountable delay.

"What in 'tarnal kept you so long?" he demanded, as the panting woman dropped the basket under the shadow of the elm. "And, for goodness' sake, what ye got in yer arms?"

"A baby, Nathan!" replied his sister, in a voice full of soft, reverential joy. "A poor little baby that was left in the swamp. I heard it crying, and went to find it, and that's what made me so late."

"Humph!" said Nathan Drew, taking the covering from the basket and inspecting the contents. "What be ye goin' to do with it?"

A cloud swept across the radiant face of the woman. There was something distinctly forbidding in her brother's tone and manner. Evidently, the only question that had entered his mind was how to get rid of the unwelcome encumbrance that had been left upon his land. Their thoughts were traveling in diametrically opposite directions—the woman's toward retaining the child; the man's, towards disposing of it!

There was something of the protective cunning of love in Abigail's evasive answer to her brother. "Probably somebody will come along and claim it in a little while," she said.

Nathan Drew laughed derisively. Then he took a huge bite out of one of Abigail's delicious chicken sandwiches, and washed it down with a gulp of coffee from the warm can. "Very likely," he replied at length; "very likely!" Then he laughed again. "Somebody dropped it accidentally in the swamp, eh, boys? Somebody'll be comin' back, 'most crazy to find it, by 'n by."

The hired men laughed servilely, though it was plain that their minds were chiefly absorbed by the lunch-basket which their employer held between his legs, and was steadily plundering.

"Well, come on, boys. Hitch up here and have somethin' to eat!" cried the farmer. "We can't bother about a baby all day. There's work to be done."

The tongues of the hired men were loosed as their anxiety disappeared, and one of them, a swart little French Canadian, exclaimed:

"Ah, guess ah know where dat bebby come from, me! Dat mans leev in lumber shanty on Coon Hill; he gone, an' heez ol' hooman have t'ree, four, five bebby—prob'ly two. Ah bet dat mans left dat bebby, eeh?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Nathan Drew. "Shiftless cuss! Camping down on my property without even asking permission, and using my lumber shanty, stove, and wood! I'm glad he's gone, but I wish he'd taken his hull dern brood with him. The young un 'll prob'ly grow up jest like the rest of 'em, lazy and wuthless!"

"Ah heard say," continued the little Frenchman, "dat man's Hinglishman, good fambly, but not ver' strong for work. Los' heez health, an' 'bliged to take to de woods. No money—no health—big fambly. Ah guess ah'll do 'bout same t'ing as him, bah gosh, if ah get too much bebby!"

"Don't doubt it, Alphonse," rejoined the farmer. "That's jest the sort of a critter you be, and yer hull Canuck tribe."

Alphonse grinned appreciatively, and took no offense. Then silence fell upon the three men until the last crumb and drop of noonday lunch had disappeared.

Abigail tenderly laid the baby down in the grass, while she gathered together the dishes and napkins and repacked them in the basket. Her brother stood over her watching. He was a spare, hard-faced, iron-gray man, who showed by every line and feature the absence of sentiment in his make-up. The woman's hands trembled as she worked. She knew he was about to say something about the child. Presently he spoke:

"You kin keep that young un jest two days, Abigail. Then, if there don't nobody come to claim it, I am goin' to take it to the Foundling Hospital." Having thus delivered himself, he shouldered his pitchfork and walked determinedly away.

Tears obscured the homeward path of the little woman as she struggled through the shimmering sunlight with the infant on her arm. She knew that her brother would be turned from his purpose neither by argument nor by entreaty. He had spoken, and that was an end of it—the inflexible ultimatum of that old Puritan-bred tyranny that survives in so many heads of New England households.

But though the path was blurred, it took her home—the only home she had ever known, the roof under which she had been born and reared, and which had descended to her elder brother when their parents died. Hastening to the pantry, she took milk and warmed it for the babe, half stupefied by starvation. Then, clumsily, yet with a woman's instinct, she sparingly fed the child with a spoon, a few drops at a time. As life came back to the little body with nourishment, the baby cried weakly, and Abigail strained it to her bosom, while tears of mingled joy and pity rained down upon the little head. What a pretty child it was, despite its suffering! What a clear, white skin; what a little, pointed, dimpled chin; what blue, blue eyes; what breadth of forehead and fulness of temple; what dainty little hands; what a soft, sweet neck for nestling a mother's lips!

For two days Abigail Drew lived in the awful joy of one who drains the nectar from a cup which, when emptied, must be dashed to earth. She tried to put away the thought that she and that little baby girl must part. She tried to make those two precious days Heaven enough for all of life. She tried, with all the dutifulness and reverence of her nature, to bow to her brother's will and be content. But every hour the whisper in her heart grew stronger and more insistent—"Cleave to the child! Keep her, cherish her. She is yours, a gift of God, the answer to your life-long prayer."

At last she went to her brother and poured out her heart with an intensity of passion he had never suspected in that quiet, reserved, meekly subservient sister of his. But, although surprised and disturbed, Nathan Drew was not moved. His heart remained obdurate. To him, the thought of a foundling child in the house was unendurable. Never a lover of children, always convinced in his own heart that childlessness was the more blessed state, how could he be expected to look with favor upon an adopted baby, a child concerning whose antecedents and propensities one knew absolutely nothing? No! he would not hear to it. To the Foundling Hospital at Mayfield the little one must go.

Towards evening of the last day of her probation, Abigail Drew began to gather together certain little treasures of her own—heirlooms. Her mother's Bible; the laces left her by Aunt Judith; an old-fashioned watch and chain; six silver spoons, worn thin as paper—these and a few other things, she wrapped in a bundle, and then, taking baby and bundle in her arms, she went out, closing the kitchen door reverently and softly behind her. Down the road, through the haze of the late afternoon, she walked, as one in a dream, leaving behind her all that she had ever known and loved hitherto.

From the distant meadow came the sound of whetstone or scythe-blade—what a clear, cheery ring! How could Nathan beat such music, with banishment for the babe—for both of them, did he but know it!—in his heart?

Beyond the bridge, Abigail turned into the woods, and followed the stream westward; for the road ran too near the meadow where Nathan and his men were haying. The child fell to crying, but she nestled it and kept on. Just before sunset, she came out of the woods upon another road and followed it southward. The Summer dusk began to deepen, yet she met no traveler and passed no house. What a lonely country it was, that New Hampshire mountain valley! The great hills looked down over the woods like stern-faced giants. The night-air smelled of swamps, and piny glens, and deep-buried solitudes. The voices were all those of wild creatures, mysterious and hidden. How the weary, heartsick woman longed for the sight of a roof, a chimney, an open door—especially for the face of one of her own sex. Only the heart of a woman understands a woman's heart!

At last, when the fireflies began to drift across her path like sparks from the crumbling embers of the sunset, Abigail, turning a bend in the road, came suddenly upon the welcome glow of a farm-house window. She hastened forward, and turning into the little path between the lilac bushes, approached the open door. A man sat upon the doorstep, smoking; and as he saw the approaching figure, he rose and called his wife.

A buxom, sweet-faced woman came bustling to the door, skewer in hand. The moment Abigail's eyes rested upon her face, she cried:

"Lucinda Jones!"

The skewer fell clattering upon the floor, and the two women rushed together, like amicable battering-rams, the arms of the larger embracing friend and child in their expansive embrace.

"Abigail Drew! Be you still living in these parts? I heard you was in York state, where we just moved from, that you and your brother had gone west twenty years ago. My! and you've been and married and got a baby! Come in—come in! Lorenzo, fetch the rocker out of the settin' room. How glad I am to see you again, Abigail. I thought you and me was parted forever."

How straight love had led her wandering feet! Abigail sank down in the cushioned rocker, and marvelled at the cheerful firelight playing on the face of the sleeping babe. Welcome—refuge—sympathy! Ah! she had not obeyed the inward voice in vain.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Six weeks was Nathan Drew a-searching for the treasure he had lost. He drove east, west, north and south, stopping at every mountain farm-house to seek news of his sister. Nobody had seen her going or coming. The yawning earth could not have swallowed her more completely.

But at last he found her. She was sitting, with her baby, on a low chair, under the lilac bushes, and he spied her before he had reached the house. She saw him at the same moment, and, springing up like a hunted creature, made as if she would have fled. But he stopped her with a pleading gesture, and a look on his face such as she had not seen since they were children together.

"You don't know how I've missed you, Abigail," he said, simply, drawing rein in front of the lilac-bushes. The man looked haggard and worn, and there was a pathetic tone in his voice.

"I can't go home with you, Nathan," said Abigail, firmly; and she pressed the rosy child closer to her bosom. Yet there was a yearning look in her eyes, that her brother was not slow to interpret.

"I've thought it all over sence you left, Abigail," he said; "and it's be'n borne in upon me, that, per'aps, I was wrong about the child. Come home, and you shall keep it as long as you live. I won't say another word. It's the only love affair you ever hed, Abigail, and I ain't a-goin' to stand any longer between you and your heart."

The tears welled to Abigail's eyes, as she came out into the road with her child. "Put your hand on her head, Nathan," she said, "and swear to me that you will never part us. Then I will go home with you."

Nathan Drew hesitated but a moment. Then he touched the child's head with the tips of his horny fingers, and said:

"I swear it, Abigail."

So they two and the child went home together.—Evening Post.

"Swear to me, Nathan, that you will never part us."

Regarding Experience.

We all hold the bonds of experience—some pay dividends, the rest call for assessments.

Agents Wanted Page 7

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A disabled volunteer soldier, late of Co. "H," 6th U. S. Cavalry and now staying at the National Home, near Dayton, Ohio, recounts an experience which he lately went through. "On the 31st of May, at Crawfordsville, Ind.," he says, "I had a bad attack of indigestion. Being able to travel, next day I came to this place, where I was assigned to a convalescent ward in our hospital. ... another bad prostration from the same cause, and again ... time within a week severely attacked by the same trouble ... Dayton and procured a physician's size bottle of Ripans Tabules ... them, and as occasion required have continued to do so ... prostrated since, and I believe the Tabules give me ... tacks. From my knowledge of medicines as a student ... nothing in the Tabules injurious to the human system ... composition tending to give one using them continuously ... six. My occupation has been that of a bookkeeper and clerk ... on account of sedentary habits, but by taking an occasional Tabule ... bowels are regular and I feel no bad effects. I cheerfully ... comrades in arms or others similarly afflicted to myself."

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

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SYNOPSIS

[Wade Hunter, a young society, arrives in Chicago in search of her father, an Arizona ranchman, who has disappeared with $1,000 in cash, she fails in with Dick Dalton, who escorts her and takes her to a comfortable house kept by Mrs. Quigley. Wade is left unchaperoned and is shown over the house by the colored maid. She hears her father's hat and clothes have been found about the house. Mrs. Quigley discusses Hamburger, a crook, of relating to Mr. Quigley, and he admits he knew that he took him out on his yacht and he never came back. He decides to find the girl out of the way, and decoys her to the dock, where he tells her that her father had been sick on a vessel in the harbor. Wade learns the true situation of affairs and hears from the yacht into the lake. She is rescued by Parlos Dalton, and his launch to shore. The young man takes her in a respectable boarding house and tries to help her, but is threatened by the Quigley crowd.]

CHAPTER X.

"SHE IS THE SWEETEST CREATURE I EVER MET."

"Woman, you are a fiend!"

Such was the exclamation with which burst from the lips of Mrs. Quigley, when Quigley had finished telling her of his startling decision to Grace Wild.

"Oh, no, I'm not," she answered, "I am only trying to protect myself."

"I never married Grace—never said I would," he stormed.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I am only telling you what might happen, Harold Perlos. Unquestionably I don't know all things considered, that Grace wants you to marry her."

"Simply blackmail."

"Call it what you please—when we are alone, but be careful what you say before we are in public."

"Would you rule me socially—after all the money I have dropped into your hands?"

"Yes, I am not as bad as you think, Harold. I am willing to help you out of this affair—and I'll love you alone."

"But, see here, do you expect me to believe that Hamburger was dealing with Hamburger on the road?" he went on, after a moment's pause.

"It's a regular fairy tale—she knows Hamburger, father, mother, and all of the family, and all that. Do you expect her to believe it? If I'm not on to you in every way, she is."

"When she said the clothing really belonged to her father, I was fairly dazed, Harold, I really was. Then I realized what a hole I had got myself into, and as Dalton was stuck on the girl, I hardly agreed to let him settle her bill."

The young millionaire leaped up and began to pace the well-worn carpet in angry agreement. He was trying to straighten matters out, but they seemed to be in a hopeless muddle. He wanted to have Dalton Hamburger and this girl both arrested, but shrank from having his own wife doing exposed in the public courts. What if Grace Wild flatly should make the charge that he had tried to drown her when sold to think of it. He felt that he was beginning to reap as he had sown in weeks and months—and years.

"Why should you interest yourself in the girl?" went on Mrs. Quigley. "Is she the next on your list of playthings?"

"No," he thundered. "She—she is the sweetest and best creature I ever met—don't you dream a work against her, or I'll name hats to help you."

"Indeed!"

"Don't believe me if you don't want to. I mailed Miss Elston out of the water—she had jumped overboard. She told me her story and she wanted to go to the nearest police station and tell the whole thing. Supposing I had let her do that?"

"Oh," and now the woman's face softened. "You didn't let her, did you?" she said in quieter tones.

"No; I took her to a respectable boarding house and told her I would see her matter in charge. If you——"

A knock at the front door fell interrupted them. Mrs. Quigley leaped to the window, thinking the police were already frightened. "Perhaps the police—" she began, then went to the door to listen.

"A note for Mrs. Quigley," she heard a boy say, and then she returned with the communication in her hand. She read it in silence. Then she looked at Harold Perlos.

"The girl escaped us," the men wrote. "They left a Parlos behind her, and should be prepared to come on the 5:15 if trouble is developed. Will not be necessary to proceed. Let Tuttle and Grace shift for themselves for awhile. The Lake Shore will go behind Grady's wharf."

She took the communication up and examined the bits out of the window. Harold Perlos watched her curiously.

"Have Hamburger and Dolan written to you?" he ventured.

"Never mind who wrote to me," she answered. Then she looked at him fixedly. "Harold——"

"It's not well at all. Confound it, Mrs. Quigley, why don't you tell me the truth?"

"I have told you the truth."

"You don't believe it."

"No one has to see pleases."

"I will not go to the police."

"No, she won't. See here, Harold, lend me a couple of hundred dollars, and I'll save you from an unpleasant exposure."

"Why?"

"Why, two hundred dollars I'll square matters with the matter blown over, or another of the tragic-seeming Hamburger-Dolan's disappearance is straightened out."

"But that will——"

"Will let you found that I had gone on a visit to Grace City and would not be back for two weeks. And tell her, too, that will you please, that I'll be back to keep her quiet."

"You want to drag me into this affair."

"There is no crime to drag you into, I told a few falsehoods and they have gotten me into trouble, that's all. Now, let me have the money."

Still in perplexity, he let her have two hundred dollars. To him it was no new way by which to avert exposure, if Grace Wild wanted to act against him, a writ was left followed, and still in a doubtful mood, he left the house and walked to the street car away from Wilmette and Highland.

His coach was waiting, but he dismissed it, feeling in no humor for riding. He walked on, his teeth set hard and an angry light in his handsome eyes. Coming to a corner saloon he paused and ordered a cool cocktail and then another.

"I'll be hanged if I'll be bled," he vowed. "I'll be matched that I won't catch me in such a tangle again. To think that girl would claim me as her husband with Dolan, Hamburger and some so-called authorities to swear to it! I'll be grateful the truth now savagely than ever.

He had not been there for two days, and now he beat his steps to the direction of the Quigley cottage, where he left Dick with his father and his sister, Bertha, on the porch.

He had not reached the block before the mansion, when, on attempting to cross at the corner, he was startled by the passage of a stylish turn-out, driven by an even more stylishly dressed lady.

"Harold!"

"Grace, is it really you?" he exclaimed, in a startled way. "A splendid day for a drive."

"Yes, and you are not glad to see me, Harold?" With a rather cold smile. "You haven't been out calling on me for quite a while now."

"I've been out in my steam launch," he answered.

"Is that so? Oh, I remember; you said you were going to take me out some time in your launch."

The girl was smiling and looking at him in a way that was coaxing and yet provoking. She had her back to the house. Inwardly he was cursing her for a meddlesome interloper. When he had gone back to the Quigley cottage for his watch and pocketbook, he had received that henceforth his actions would be watched, and realized that he was living almost as two-third a life on the edge of a volcano. Now, here was the girl he had promised to the protection of Lincoln park. As they moved along the boulevard he could see from the pale face it was plain to note that she was depressed and unhappy—more so than she had been and what he had been doing.

"Grace, you have been ill," he said, with real solicitude. "You look pale and worn."

"Thank you for your compliment," she answered, in a cold, hard voice. "I am not ill, but I have been worried. I have been investigating her father's disappearance, and I have found out a few things. I am sorry to tell you that I have not."

"Why, what can this mean," she asked herself, as the girl turned her eyes away and look back. She could not think of an answer to the question. Should she dare to venture to question Miss Steele, and hurried back to the bustling house.

The talk with the boarding house mistress was thoroughly unsatisfactory. Miss Steele did not intend to "put her foot" into the matter, she declared. She was sorry for the girl, but she had her own family to consider.

"Why, what can this mean," she asked herself, as the girl turned her eyes away and look back. She could not think of an answer to the question. Miss Steele, and hurried back to the bustling house.

The talk with the boarding house mistress was thoroughly unsatisfactory. Miss Steele did not intend to "put her foot" into the matter, she declared. She was sorry for the girl, but she had her own family to consider.

"The girl escaped us," the men wrote. "They left a Parlos behind her, and should be prepared to come on the 5:15 if trouble is developed. Let Tuttle and Grace shift for themselves for awhile. The Lake Shore will go behind Grady's wharf."

She took the communication up and examined the bits out of the window. Harold Perlos watched her curiously.

"Have Hamburger and Dolan written to you?" he ventured.

"Never mind who wrote to me," she answered. Then she looked at him fixedly. "Harold——"

"It's not well at all. Confound it, Mrs. Quigley, why don't you tell me the truth?"

"I have told you the truth."

"You don't believe it."

"No one has to see pleases."

"I will not go to the police."

"No, she won't. See here, Harold, lend me a couple of hundred dollars, and I'll save you from an unpleasant exposure."

"Why?"

"Why, two hundred dollars I'll square matters with the matter blown over, or another of the tragic-seeming Hamburger-Dolan's disappearance is straightened out."

"But that will——"

"Will let you found that I had gone on a visit to Grace City and would not be back for two weeks. And tell her, too, that will you please, that I'll be back to keep her quiet."

"You want to drag me into this affair."

"There is no crime to drag you into. I told a few falsehoods and they have gotten me into trouble, that's all. Now, let me have the money."

Still in perplexity, he let her have two hundred dollars. To him it was no new way by which to avert exposure, if Grace Wild wanted to act against him, a writ was left followed, and still in a doubtful mood, he left the house and walked to the street away from Wilmette and Highland.

His coach was waiting, but he dismissed it, feeling in no humor for riding. He walked on, his teeth set hard and an angry light in his handsome eyes. Coming to a corner saloon he paused and ordered a cool cocktail and then another.

"I'll be hanged if I'll be bled," he vowed. "I'll be matched that I won't catch me in such a tangle again. To think that girl would claim me as her husband with Dolan, Hamburger and some so-called authorities to swear to it! I'll be grateful the truth now savagely than ever.

He had not been there for two days, and now he beat his steps to the direction of the Quigley cottage, where he left Dick with his father and his sister, Bertha, on the porch.

He had not reached the block before the mansion, when, on attempting to cross at the corner, he was startled by the passage of a stylish turn-out, driven by an even more stylishly dressed lady.

"Harold!"

"Grace, is it really you?" he exclaimed, in a startled way. "A splendid day for a drive."

"Yes, and you are not glad to see me, Harold? You haven't been out calling on me for quite a while now."

"I've been out in my steam launch," he answered.

"Is that so? Oh, I remember; you said you were going to take me out some time in your launch."

The girl was smiling and looking at him in a way that was coaxing and yet provoking. She had her back to the house. Inwardly he was cursing her for a meddlesome interloper. When he had gone back to the Quigley cottage for his watch and pocketbook, he had received that henceforth his actions would be watched, and realized that he was living almost as two-third a life on the edge of a volcano. Now, here was the girl he had promised to the protection of Lincoln park. As they moved along the boulevard he could see from the pale face it was plain to note that she was depressed and unhappy—more so than she had been and what he had been doing.

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TWO BOYS AND A BEAR.

How They Got Into Trouble and How They Got Out Again.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.

When I was a boy living on a small farm near the Adirondack wilderness, or the North woods, as we always called it, and many were the enjoyable days I spent in company with my father and brother Frank, two years older than myself, in whipping the mountain streams for trout or following the trail of a deer through the forest.

When I was 13 and Frank 15 we were expert handlers of the rod and fair marksmen, both with shotguns and rifle, and it was at this period in our lives that an event occurred that thoroughly tested our courage and skill with the latter weapons.

It was the early part of October. Father had gone to Albany with a load of grain, and was not expected back until the next night. Frank and I had been engaged in cutting corn during the forenoon, and were just quitting work for dinner, when one of the neighbors, a Mr. Jordan, came driving along the road on his way home from the grist mill, and sung out:

"Halloa there, boys! Seen anything of a stray bear anywhere around here this mornin'?"

"Stray bear!" echoed Frank. "Why, has any one lost a bear?"

Mr. Jordan laughed. "Well, no," said he; "I haven't heard that anybody has lost a bear, but the critter has strayed off out of the woods and lost himself apparently,

HE STARTED IN OUR DIRECTION.

which amounts to the same thing. He is about as big as a meetin' house, so everybody says that's seen him, but of course when a feller sights his first bear his estimate as to the size of the animal is liable to be a trifle wild—'specially if the bear turns in and chases him a ways."

"Why, has he been chasing anybody?" inquired Frank, somewhat anxiously.

"So they claim. Jim Perkins says the bear chased his hired girl out of his stump lot, when she started across it to go home yesterday afternoon, and Bill Jones swears that the same bear bounced out at him when he was comin' along the Lower Swamp road, just before dusk last night, and follered him a good share of the way home, keepin' right close behind him—and Bill ain't such a poor runner either, not when he is encouraged by havin' a big bear lopin' along behind him."

Mr. Jordan drove on, leaving Frank and me looking blankly at each other. Frank was the first to speak.

"Well, Tom," said he, after some moments' reflection, "it begins to look as if we might have some fun yet before father gets back."

"Fun?" echoed I. "I can't say that I see any fun in the idea of being chased by a bear."

"Perhaps not," responded Frank, with an air of superior wisdom, not unmingled with boastfulness. "The fun comes in when

...

"Hope you're right," said I. "My appetite for bear is fully satisfied already. A cow is plenty good enough bear for me, even if we can't have the fun of shoting at her."

We had made our way across the field, cutting five rows of corn as we went along and binding it up in "shocks," and we were perhaps two-thirds of the way back, when I saw Frank suddenly quit work, drop an armful of cornstalks and stare straight ahead of him like one fascinated, while his lower jaw dropped and the color fled from his face, leaving it white as a sheet.

"Look, Tom, look!" he gasped, pointing behind me, and, turning quickly on my heel, I saw the sight that had affected Frank so starangely, a sight, by the way, which was calculated to shake the nerves of almost anybody situated as we were.

A big black bear, a monster in size, had climbed the fence, and was cooly sniffing about our weapons! Bruin had stolen a march on us at last!

"We've got ourselves in a nice box now," groaned Frank. "Why on earth didn't we know enough to leave one of the guns at the other side of the field?"

"Sure enough; why didn't we?" echoed I.

"Don't know, I'm sure, but if I get out of this scrape alive I'll never be caught in the same way again. I say, Tom!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Our only chance is to sneak back in the corn out of sight, and then take leg bail for it, as Mr. Jordan advised."

A retreat, however, was easier planned than carried out. That bear had his eye on us, and the instant we began to edge away he gave a hoarse growl, and started in our direction.

"Come on, Tom!" shouted Frank, heading for a rugged oak, which stood alone near the center of the field. "Make for the tree. That's the best we can do. We can't reach the house before he overtakes us."

The bear was a better long distance runner than we, and would have easily overhauled us if we had attempted to reach the house. Even on the short distance to the tree the huge beast gave us a race that was entirely too close to be comfortable. Frank reached the oak first, and hastily climbed up into the branches, but as I followed suit I could hear the bear puffing and grunting right at my heels, and I think no affidavit will be needed to back up the statement when I say that the sensation was anything but an agreeable one.

As I grasped the lowest branch and swung myself up out of reach, Master Bruin stood up on his hind feet, and reaching up with his forepaws raked off a yard or so of bark from the spot where my legs had been dangling but an instant before. Then, he squatted down at the foot of the tree, apparently to rest and reflect.

"Say, Tom," called Frank from his perch above me, "there is one little fact I forgot about when we took to this tree and that is that climbing a tree is a regular picnic for a bear."

"Don't mention it," said I. "Or, at least, now that you have mentioned it, you might trade places with a fellow. I don't want to be the first to meet him in case he comes up here."

"Can't say that I do, either," replied Frank. "Tell you what, I'd give almost a dollar if I had my gun here."

"Seems to me that is a pretty low bid

...

"I could feel his breath."

...

his grip on the limb and plunged headlong to the ground.

The bear proved to be fat and juicy, and must have weighed in the nighborhood of 300 pounds, as Mr. Jordan had jokingly estimated, though, unfortunately, no one thought of weighing the carcass until it had been cut up and distributed, and it was too late to do so.

The whole neighborhood dined on bear steak for the next few days, and Frank and I were the heroes of the hour. I noticed, however, that Frank got the larger share of the credit for our achievement, everybody taking special pains to praise him for his coolness and bravery; though it occurred to me, looking at the matter from my point of view, that it had required very nearly as much courage to remain in the tree facing the bear as it did to run after the gun.

UNCLE MECK'S "GOSLIN'."

Not the Goose That Laid the Golden Egg but a Worthy Gander.

BY E. SHEPPERD.

On a bright Saturday in April Uncle Meck walked down the big road to town with his brogans hung over his stick on his shoulder.

Aunt Rebie picked her way more delicately down the cow path on the road side. Her town hat hung on her stick and a new "split-basket" sat atop her head on her tightly knotted handkerchief.

Jo-Jim, the adopted son of this old couple, despite their injunctions, played ill-conditioned pranks along the way.

In Aunt Rebie's white-oak-splint basket were ten dozen eggs, nicely packed in cotton-seed, with a bit of lint-cotton on top. Aunt Rebie knew these eggs would bring a dollar and twenty cents. With this she counted on buying many delicacies to add to an Easter feast, mainly to be furnished by a basket from Tolstone House. That never-failing basket would contain a turkey, flanked with jams and "lightnin' bread," and real "white-folks' cake." Master and mistress never forgot these old quondam slaves at Eastertide.

But at the first store of the short row of village shops Rebie came to fear that she could not get even the moderate price of ten cents a dozen for the eggs she carried; for there she saw what she had never seen before, a gorgeous supply of eggs, red, yellow, purple, blue, gold and never a plain white one among them.

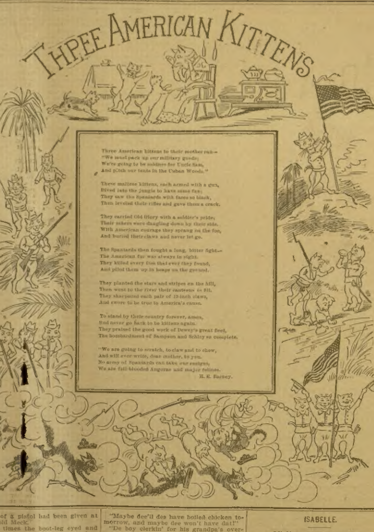
"Fer goodness sake, Meck, what sorter eggs is dem?" exclaimed the old woman.

"I don't know, Rebie. Hit beats my time!"

"They are Easter eggs. The Easter hen laid them," explained the young clerk, facetiously.

"You don't say! Not des one hen, sir? You hear dat, Meck! Des one hen. Do she hatch,

...



Three American kittens to their mother ran—
"We must pack up our military goods;
We're going to be soldiers for Uncle Sam,
And pitch our tents in the Cuban Woods."

These maltese kittens, each armed with a gun,
Dived into the jungle to have some fun;
They saw the Spaniards with faces so black,
Then leveled their rifles and gave them a crack.

They carried Old Glory with a soldier's pride,
Their sabers were dangling down by their side.
With American courage they sprang on the foe,
And buried their claws and never let go.

The Spaniards then fought a long, bitter fight—
The American fur was always in sight.
They killed every foe that ever they found,
And piled them up in heaps on the ground.

They planted the stars and stripes on the hill,
Then went to the river their canteens to fill.
They sharpened each pair of 12-inch claws,
And swore to be true to America's cause.

To stand by their country forever, amen,
And never go back to be kittens again.
They praised the good work of Dewey's great fleet,
The bombardment of Sampson and Schley so complete.

"We are going to scratch, to claw and to chew,
And will ever write, dear mother, to you.
No army of Spaniards can take our ensigns,
We are full-blooded Angoras and major felines.

H. E. Sarvey.

...

ISABELLE.

BY MARY LOUISE LIPSCOMB.

Who can tell
What Isabelle
Sits thinking of?
With her eyes of golden brown
Glancing neither up nor down
And her brow
Ruffled now
With a frown.

Doth she list
In the mist
Of the star-light dim,
For a knight with eyes so blue,
Who will come her heart to woo?
Lack-a-day!
Must I say
'Tis not true?

Nay—a spell
O'er Isabelle
There hath been cast.
For the reason of that frown
Is a question that won't down:
"For pity's sake
How shall I make
My new fall gown?

AMOS QUITO.

The Indian Account of an Insect's Evolution.

Now is the time for us to bar in and net up the house, or take our chances in an uneven fight with Amos Quito. He has dwindled in size, it is true, but increased in number. This is the way of it.

Many years ago, so the story goes, the Indians of the Middle Atlantic coast were terrorized and suffering under the depredations of two monsters. The Tuscaroras suffered most. These two monsters were as powerful as gods, but as wicked as demons, and they stood, one on each side of the Seneca river, and slew all that passed.

But relief came. The great Hiawatha rose up and killed one of the creatures, but the other, huge in stature and swift of wing, escaped. He was the father of all the small tribe that exist today, and his name was Mosquito!

Having lost his favorite pastime he raged along the shores of Long Island and New Jersey, and up into New York and down into Pennsylvania, but his home, remember, the home of this great mosquito, was at Fort Onondaga, New York; and make it a point, you, to let the New Yorker know his claim to distinction in this matter.

To give you an idea of the ravages of this monster, it is reported that at one swoop, uttering a shrill cry, of which the Siren whistle is believed to be a modification, he would seize two of the biggest savage braves and eat them, and then use their ribs for toothpicks.

So the people suffered. There was but one great and awful mosquito, but his bite meant complete annihilation, and while his victims were few, very few, compared to those of his offspring, their fate was infinitely worse.

Moreover, this great father of stings was invulnerable; the Indians had no weapon that would not turn aside from him; they were helpless, whereas, the mosquito of today can individually be killed, but take him collectively, and we are in as much need of a deliverer as were the ancient redskins, to whom help came in this fashion:

The Holder of the Heavens heard their

...

despairing cries, and came down prepared to fight the insect to the death. But Mosquito was swift of wing, and when he found that he had met his match, he turned and flew away. It was a chase that shook nature itself. The sun was hot; dull clouds of mist hung over the earth, and night brought no relief.

Finally the two powers met, and Mosquito was slain, out upon the sandy shores of Lake Onondaga, where he had reigned supreme. In his death struggles he kicked up great sand-hills, which are there even now, as proofs that this is a true story. But as his blood spread out upon the land, each drop turned into a thousand small mosquitoes; and that is the true history of the origin of the plague that each year becomes more and more unendurable.

Only one word more to show you that the Indian did not build stories of his fancy in regard to this matter; he had proof of all he stated. On the reservation of the Senecas is the spot still marked off where the god rested during his chase of the mosquito and his footprints together with those of the monster himself, which are like a bird's, and measure twenty inches in length, were found soon after the battle, and have been religiously kept in repair by the Indians ever since.

M. W. L.

A Paper Fleet a Possibility.

Paper may in time play an important part in maritime affairs; a process has been discovered in Europe, by which sail for vessels of all kinds can be made from paper pulp; it is said that paper sails serve quite as well as canvas, and they have the additional merit of being very much cheaper. The wind swells them and flaps them about in quite the usual fashion, and moreover, the paper sails are untearable.

When paper is used in ship construction, "paper fleets" will be a reality. With the perfection of the manufacture of paper pulp, it is not improbable that armor plates may be rolled out of pulp. An English editor, contemplating the rapid expansion of the uses of paper, says that soon England will be sending paper men-of-war out against her enemies. She will be compelled to select plantations on which to "grow" her paper vessels (for paper is made of grass and wood), in place of buying iron to build her battleships.

Agents Wanted Page 7

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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THE MAID OF MONA

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN!

BY JOHN R MUSICK

SYNOPSIS.

In April, 1898, just before the opening of the present war with Spain, Alfred Morton, a delegate and acting captain, and Harry Connor, an ensign in the United States navy, are stationed on board a ship in the island of Puerto Rico, where they are to be in readiness to receive orders by the former. Morton, desirous to visit Miss Geores before they set out, but he is considered unnecessary, a show and the officer thinks away by her alleged uncle to the befriending to go ashore. Morton, however, disguises below to ignore her into a masquerade ball, where he finds her in company with Count Cardenas, a Spanish officer. Cardenas is accused by the escapee, and they go to sea. The Maid of Mona finds at Cardenas, and Guerra and Quesada decide that Miss Geores shall be the wife of the latter that night. They go to her room, but find that she has escaped. Miss escapes to the mountains, and Cardenas, Guerra and Quesada, and the latter, urging the desperadoes of the fortifications at Manzanica, receive information to go ashore. Morton has a friend in the mountains and is conducted by a certain escaped by the mountaineers. Morton and the escapee witness another battle and again join hand on Cuban soil near Cardenas. They become acquainted with Miss Geores, who has been rescued by a force of Spanish deserters who call upon him to surrender. Morton is forced to leave them and plans to capture the best Maid of Mona. The ensign escapes into the mountains and finds that he escorts the girl of whom he is in search. While searching for them he finds that his earlier acquaintance caused, he is surrounded by Spanish troops, and is rescued by Spanish troopers, and after many adventures, finds Morton and they make to the headquarters of Admiral Cervera. Spanish soldiers desire to take Nicky to the Cuban. Old Cuban, who escaped with Nita, reaches the Americans with news of the fleet. Morton volunteers to take the Maid of Mona to Cervera.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEIZING THE MAID OF MONA.

There was something in the old man's manner that almost freed the blood, for he had such a haggard look, and such a mixture of long years of disappointment, such an expression of hope and fear, as to suggest that he would appeal to the sympathy of any one.

"What have you to tell me of the Maid of Mona, stranger? For heaven sake speak and let me know—at once, if you have any information of her."

The old man had thrown himself upon a low camp stool and turned his face to the fire.

"Let those pass her," he sobbed.

"Pass her?"

"Yes, señor."

"In God's name where?"

"She came to the cavern where I and other insurgents were hiding, and made her known to us, until we received orders to come here."

"And who did she go?"

She was conducted by her pretended uncle, Don Cardenas, and a Spanish officer, Pedro de Guerra, I believe."

"Where was she taken?"

"Both to Cardenas," he answered.

Then he proceeded to narrate in detail what he had related to others, which is quoted. He told how the señorita Nina, learning that Cardenas, Guerra and Quesada had their eyes upon the mountain, had made her escape, and how they had discovered it. He told how they had come in a few of the insurgents and refugees from Manzanica, and how he, in consultation, said that it was their intention to send her to America as soon as possible, but that they had been taken by some traitors and delivered to the Spanish, and that Cardenas had set a bloodhe lover and husband. Nina was to be his wife.

"You say that he has promised?" interrupted Alfred. "How do you know he is to be perfected?"

"Don't ask me to explain now," the old man said, with a look of fear. "I will explain fully, but we have no time now."

"Then the meeting of the señorita?" he asked.

"For I know it all," said the old man. "But I can give the details, for I have had another moment in the gratification of this curiosity, but briefly."

"I will."

"And one request I have to make of you."

"What?"

"Let me go with you."

"Certainly. Why not?"

He gave him a curious glance. The man had fought like a tiger for his country, and he was surely not safe to make the journey.

"This will be a bold journey. We will offer great hardship."

"I comprehend your meaning, Señor. You have said that it will be safe to unbeard a tiger in its den."

"To be frank with you I have fears that we cannot avoid them," he admits.

"Young man, there is where you have made a mistake. I have not set out on an affair I so feebles as I seem. True, my hair is white and my beard in the snow, but it has been more the active of sorrow, and I am capable of undergoing any hardship. The sorrowful desperation of which you see has whitened my hair. I am still vigorous and strong. I am glad to do my best now any there seen in either army. I am still the white-haired avenger of the Cuban armies. Consent for me to be one of your party

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

A MUSICAL COW.

WALTER B. DUDLEY.

"No, sir," said the drummer to the smoking car, "no, sir, I don't believe that any cow animals ain't got music in 'em, bey'r." "Why," said the Scamper as the train rumbled on.

Made a Hit.

"Clergyman is selling his pictures like

Mrs. Crotch—So you are the seeker I've been hoping for?

An Experiment.

Mr. Biles (calling down the stairs)—Maria, have the children gone to school?

Mrs. Biles—Yes, a day out, isn't it?

"The hotel is gone."

"This is not the minister's day to call, sir."

"Any of the neighbors likely to drop in during the next hour or so?"

"I think not."

"You're sure you can't?"

"Yes, I'm sure you can't."

"Then, get some cotton in your ears, Maria. I am going to shave myself with that new razor you gave me the other day."

An Insult.

The Human Pincushion on the dime museum dromedary—Lovely Fluffington, the Hydromated Twins, seems to be in a great huff this evening.

The Human Knee-Yes; as she boasted as a living freak she'd be the last to be patronized, I heard her by saying, "Hi, gents, look-a-Pack."

He Knew Own.

Teacher (to new boy)—What is your name?

Boy—Mick Sullivan.

Teacher—Mick? Why, I never heard of anyone being named Mick.

Boy—Well, anyhow, there's more than one Mick. Haven't you ever hear of Mick Kilroy?—Truth.

ON DE BOWERY.

Rowena Meginnes—Youse t'inks horse youse got dat flower in yer hand, youse a whole flower show.

Micky Welsh—And youse t'inks youse is a whole band, 'cause youse has drums in yer ears.

THE FIRST LAST OF ANY LAND.

ONE BICYCLE GIRL.

Before she got her bicycle she sometimes used to help
The beds, and wash the dishes, and help her mother bake,
She would even sweep the parlor, and dust the bric-a-brac,
And once she did the washing, though it almost broke her back.

But now she's got her bicycle, she doesn't do a thing
About the house, but day and night she's out upon the wing;
She's always on the coasters or more, I've found it said,
While her mother does the washing, sweeps and dusts, and makes the bread.

She looks extremely nasty in her brief bicycle skirt,
She often talks to strangers, and she has been known to flirt,
Her health was never better; brown and rosy is her skin,
But her mother, if you'll notice, is looking worn and thin.—Somerville Journal.

No House in Sight.

Herbert Harry—What's the longest you ever went without food?

Hungry Hank—Two miles.

Reconsidered.

His Wife—There is *my* dressmaker's bill. Please draw a check for it.

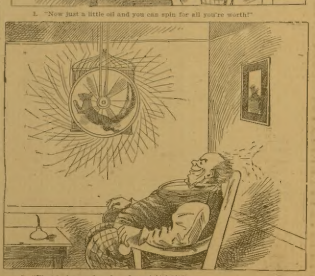
The Judge (absent-mindedly)—I will take the matter under advisement.

His Wife—Oh, you're my decision.

The Judge—Motion granted—with costs.

SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES.

1. "Now just a little oil and you can spin for all you're worth!"



2. "Electric fans and roof gardens ain't in it!"

SHE AND THEY.

Vacation time is almost gone,
And still she is at home;
She hasn't seen the pyramids,
She hasn't been to Rome.
Her neighbor, Mrs. Jones,
Has been to see the Czar,
She hasn't been, like Mrs. Smith,
Through grand Yosemite.

She's stayed all summer right at home,
And neither saw nor heard
Of anything worth telling of
Or even interesting word.
And now she's leaving while her friends
Are sailing where they want;
But she has plenty dollars, yeah;
They haven't got a cent.

He Was Long-Sighted.

"Don't talk to me about Sampson!" shouted the cubstone straightgut while the alumni was under discussion. "That man fired $2,000,000 worth of ammunition at Morro Castle and never hurt the fort. I tell you he couldn't shoot."

"He knows more than all you dry-land naval experts put together!" shouted back the man on the other end of the argument. "What a change he would have had to do to destroy that castle when he knew we would soon come, that he believed it when we would have been out $2,000,000 and the castle both. Have never done about him."

He Was Too Mediaeval.

"The more I think," observed the studious looking man, "of the career of Don Quixote, the less I am inclined to look on a man of Spanish chivalry."

"Your views against heroes," replied another grandee. "But why do you think that?"

"Well, for instance, he was defeated in his gallant attack on the windmills, and although the windmills was actually sold at auction for old junk, he never knew it, he never found that the immortal Quixote ever celebrated the victory."

At Last.

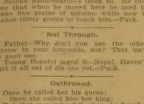
First Veteran—I tell you, these modern improvements in long-range guns and shield-shot projectiles have made war a good deal sicker than it was in our day.

Second Veteran—Say, I see that somebody has invented a gun now which, at a thousand yards, will go clear through a small pocket bible carried over a man's heart.—Puck.

A Shock.

"I don't see wot you're grievin' so about," said Fiddling Joe. "Can't see anyone to have a funeral."

"I don't know about dat," answered Mr. Scattering Styles. "The medical student laid it come from overworkin' me stomach."



Jimmy—Father, what have ye the bell in the house for?

Mr. Clancy—Don't be afther askin' me such a foolish question, Jimmy; don't ye rather want to waken himself at four o'clock in the morrnin'?

Evidence.

First Suburbanite—Jones has lived a long time to get to be lonely, hasn't he?

Second Suburbanite—I think so. He told me that when he moved here he used to take five grains of quinine while now it takes fifty grains to touch him.—Puck.

Not Through.

Father—Why don't you use the other sleeve in your composition, son? That isn't a good one.

Young Hopeful (aged 9)—Nope. Haven't got it all out of the one yet.—Puck.

Dathroned.

Once he called her his queen;
Once she called him her king;
But that monarchy fell when she found
A flaw in the stone in her ring.

Digit—So Chesbest is behind the bars at last. It does one good to see the old scoundrel in the soup.

Boggs—Yes, he is now what you might call a consumed villain.—Judge.

Demented.

"Look here, Cobbleborough," said Teapot. "You never tell us any of the smart sayings of your little boy. He is talking now, isn't he?"

"Yes," added Goodjes, "why is that?"

"Yes, gentlemen, he is talking all right," retorted Cobbleborough, addressing himself to both questioners at once, "but he never says anything worth repeating."

At the Toastof and Roasts looked sidewise at each other and smiled. Then they both turned to the host and said:

The Rush.

Cholly—What do you think, dash boy? That beastly tailor sent me a bill today. Ha, ha, ha! I owed him for a year.

Phlatskite—I guess he was sending early to avoid the rush.

His Definition.

Globtrotter—So you are studying grammar, eh? Well, tell me yet kind of a verb he is?

Boy—Id ish a gollective verb, fodder.

ON THE NILE.

Made (the maid)—You look charming, Miss Penelope; I can tell you that as well as the glass. Women were made before mirrors, you know.

Penelope—Yes, and they have been to fore them ever since—Up-to-Date.

The Proper Place.

Query Editor—The writer wants to know where the person with the wedding ring should be.

Managing Editor—a confirmed bachelor—Just say in the penitentiary.

An Incorrigible.

The kind-hearted man was several miles from the city when he came upon a tramp dodged from side to side in front of his horse.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the rider.

"Mister, I want to talk to you."

"You're liable to get into trouble if you act that way every time you get someone to talk to. Don't detain me only a minute. I must get home in time for dinner. I'll give you a dollar if you'll get out of the road. I don't want it for fickin, I know that suspicion always rests on a great mind whenever anybody he ain't well acquainted with asks him for five cents, but she is a case where you ain't taken no chances."

"Well, here's the dollar. I hope you are satisfied now."

"No, sir," he replied, as he pocketed the money, "it's given to complete assurance dat I don't want dat money to buy licker. What I wished was dat you would was to pay me car fare to de saloon."

Very Homelike.

Mother—Do you've got a letter from John Henry, dear, in Cuba? And what does he say?

Daughter (reading her husband's letter)—Why, he says he doesn't mind the sun half so much as he thought he would, because he says he has fights with the Spanish guerrillas almost every day.—Judge.

Different.

First Citizen—You know, it took about twenty years to down Napoleon.

Second Citizen—Yes, but he had nobody against him but Europe. Now, if he had ran up against Uncle Sam it would have been a different matter.—Truth.

Not as Pleasant as Drying.

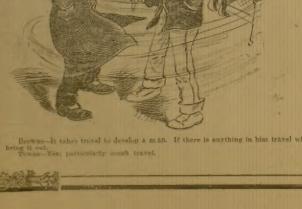
He—Did you ever ride in a horseless carriage?

She—Yes, once.

He—How did you like it?

She—Not at all. The fellow had to use both hands to work the lever.

BRINGING IT OUT OF HIM.



Browne—It takes travel to develop a man. If there is anything in him travel will bring it out.

Towne—Yes; particularly ocean travel.

He—What is the matter, darling? You look like you saw spirits.

She—No; I smell them.